The Evening World

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PART OF THE POLICY.

PUNISHMENT as provided by the German Penal Code is a strange threat to be held over a firm doing business under the laws of this nation.

The German Consul General at Philadelphia seems to have regarded it as a matter of routine to send to the German Ambassador at Washington a copy of this warning issued to a manufacturing concern:

> It would be hazardous for your firm to ship locomotives, cars or wheels to Russia. All these transportation means would lighten the transport of troops, ammunition and provisions for the Russian Government, and your firm would, within the meaning of Paragraph 89 of the (German) Penal Code, be rendering aid to the enemy thereby.

That the laws of this country take second place to those of Germany even on American soil appears to be only another part of the Imperial German policy of spare-nothing-that-gets-in-our-way. Before that policy rights of neutrality and friendship have one by one ceased to exist. American publicity, American labor, American industry, American shipping, the safety of American travellers—each of these things Germany has chosen to treat as an obstacle impeding her plans.

When a government at war sets out to restrict the rights and activities of a friendly, neutral people to suit its own projects it will encounter difficulties.

Busy, peaceful nations can hardly be expected to shut themselves into closets to be out of a belligerent's way.

JUSTICE HUGHES DECLINES.

REFUSING to let his name be used in connection with the Republican nomination for President, Justice Hughes wrote to Mr. Stokes:

> It seems to me very clear that as a member of the Supreme Court I have no right to be a candidate either openly or tacitly. I cannot do my work here and hold an equivocal position before the country.

It would surprise nobody to find Justice Hughes entertaining a high sense of the duties and proprieties of whatever office he might hold. His idea of a public servant was always that of a man who did well and thoroughly what was given him to do and let the results take care of his advancement.

His record is one of which his party is justly proud. No doubt Republican leaders would have been glad to find a candidate of his attractions to divert attention from the painful blankness of their issue slate.

Justice Hughes does not say that he regards his present honors as higher than any the Presidency would bring him. We do not believe he wished to be so understood. The Supreme Court is a great tribunal. But the Presidency of the United States ought to be in the eyes of all good Americans the highest public office to which a man can rise and one which no man, whatever honors he bore, could feel unworthy of him.

FRIEND OR MENTOR?

GENERAL OBREGON'S reply to the Pan-American appeal for peace in Mexico is in effect that if Mexico's well-meaning sister republics will (1) try not to believe all they hear, and (2) leave the Constitutionalists to hammer out a scheme of democratic government, Mexico will be ready with her profound gratitude.

Carranza's policy is foreshadowed in the replies of his Generals, who one and all stand by the First Chief.

A question arises. If it should actually prove that Mexicans are more likely to cool down under Carranza than under anybody else, how far can this nation insist that Carranza is unfit to head a government? To what extent ought the United States to place its view of what will be ultimately good for Mexico above Mexico's own views, muddled as they may be, of what will come nearest to satisfying her at this moment?

The Latin-American nations that joined this country in the peace plea are said to show a half willingness to recognize Carranza. They show no willingness to consent to out and out interference on the part of the United States.

Uncle Sam's position becomes more and more difficult. He had his own way about Huerta. He has no fondness for Carranza. Still, he is offering Mexico help, not discipline. And he has invited friendly neighbors to act with him in his endeavors. Must he now be mostly mentor or mostly friend?

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A farmer likes to make laws to regulate the city man, and one of the joys of the city man is to regulate the farmer.—Toledo Blade.

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You never can believe more than half the good that a man tells about himself.

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Many people desire things for which they would not care if they had them, only because they haven't them.—Albany Journal.

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You can take it from us that good fortune is not a self-starter—you gotta get out and crank up and push.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

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Occasionally a knocker throws away his little hammer and gets an axe.

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A fool lay plans, but it takes a wise man to hatch them out.—Omaha World-Herald.

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There are some slips between the cup and the lip, but a good many more afterwards.

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There is nothing like a few clothes to cause a lot of talk.—Nashville Banner.

Letters From the People

Capital Punishment.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish to say to A. E., who deplores capital punishment, his statement is puzzling many. If it were carried out to the letter that the men who put another to death should then be put to death, then those responsible for their death would meet the same fate, and so on till we would have started an endless chain. But this time will never come in America; and I think the only wise thing to do is to abolish capital punishment. There is one law that I think should be framed and that is: No testimony should be accepted as absolute fact from paid gangsters or disreputable persons of the underworld. Nor should immunity be granted to squealers. J. B.

Street Noises.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Came across a letter in your paper the other day protesting against the street noises. I quite agree with the writer. I have often wished some one would start a successful crusade against these jarring noises. I do not see that it is necessary for junkmen to have those bells on their wagons or the street cleaner to scrape the asphalt with a noisy scraper. We cannot enjoy our porch in the summer on account of these nuisances.

FLATBUSH.

Take Your Choice

By J. H. Cassel

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Mr. Jarr Decides That, After All, Life's Just What We Think It Is

"MAYBE Gertrude will come back," said Mr. Jarr, soothingly.

The hour was late and Mr. and Mrs. Jarr were sitting in the dark in the front room of the flat, hoping for a breeze to steal over the housetops across the way and bring some coolness after the torrid day. Mr. Jarr remembered the old sailor superstition and started to whistle for a breeze. By some unlucky chance he piped up a song of several yester years, "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl!" It struck an aching chord in Mrs. Jarr's breast.

"Oh, dear!" she cried testily, "I wish you wouldn't whistle that! It reminds me that Gertrude left us. And after all I did for that girl too! Why did she quarrel with my mother and leave me after the nice way I always treated her? She might have remembered that my mother was only acting, as she thought, for the best."

"A lot of these people do their very worst, when acting for the best," volunteered Mr. Jarr. "The man killed by accident is just as dead as the man murdered."

"I wish you wouldn't accuse my mother of being a murderer," whimpered Mrs. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr was not making such an accusation. Did he speak from his heart the term would be only too mild for his mother-in-law. He changed the subject, and said soothingly, "Ah, don't worry, Gertrude will come back and rule our cuisine as heretofore."

"That's easy enough for you to say," Mrs. Jarr complained.

"I wish I could help you," said Mr. Jarr, "but you know I cannot take the housework to the office, and sweep the floor here for you while doing my other work downtown."

"Oh, I knew you'd only make fun of me," whimpered Mrs. Jarr.

"Why didn't your mother stay and help with the housework, if she came here and raised a row with Gertrude that was the cause of Gertrude's leaving?" remarked Mr. Jarr.

"My mother is one of those old-fashioned women who never like to interfere in other people's affairs," said Mrs. Jarr. "So she went home after Gertrude left."

"How very considerate," sneered Mr. Jarr. "Your mother comes here and starts a fight and when Gertrude leaves your mother goes serenely home and says she never interferes with her married children's affairs."

"Please don't start your favorite pastime of abusing mamma," said Mrs. Jarr. She never says anything against you. She is very just in everything. And while, as she often says, she advised me against marrying you, still it is too late now. You know yourself, if I had taken mamma's advice, I would have married that real estate man who made so much money that he had two wives and four automobiles, and then lost everything and shot himself."

"That would have been fine," said Mr. Jarr. "You might have been one of the brace of widows."

"Now don't talk that way," snapped Mrs. Jarr. "Mamma says, if Mr. Biggles—that was his name—had married me he might have reformed and given up drinking and not have borrowed money under false pretenses and ruined himself, as he did."

"Hast thou regrets, little one?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Wouldst rather be the half widow of the late Mr. Biggles, or the sole wife and helpmeet of Edward Jarr, with all the worldly goods that he did thee endow?"

"You know I wouldn't," whimpered Mrs. Jarr, nestling closer to him in the dark. "But when the weather is so hot, and one's servant girl quits without notice, and one's mother, possibly with the best intentions in the world, comes over and upsets one, why, isn't it enough to make a person peevish?"

"I should say it was," said Mr. Jarr, patting her hand. "And there's a breeze! Positively a breeze!"

"And after all, may be Gertrude will come back, and we should be real thankful we haven't any real trouble, shouldn't we?"

And Mr. Jarr agreed with her. For after all life is just what we think it.

Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward

"YOU'RE just trying to keep me back," exclaimed Ma, peevishly. "That's the very reason why women are making such a strong drive in the suffrage campaign, right now, with posters all over the city and everything. Just because men like you don't want them to progress."

"Do you call driving a car, progression?" asked Pop patiently.

"I call it a step in the right direction," Ma retorted firmly. "Don't you think it's progression when women all over Europe are driving motor ambulances, carrying the wounded from the fields?"

"Our car isn't a motor ambulance," observed Pop.

"Don't be trivial, Milton! All my friends drive. Why shouldn't I?"

"Have you been at all observing?" inquired Pop loftily. "Do you know the difference between the brake and clutch? Do you think you could shift from first to second, without looking at the gears and running the car into a fire hydrant? If you thought you were going to run over some one, would you drop the wheel and scream, or would you throw on the emergency?"

"What are you doing? Putting me through the third degree?" asked Ma, in cold disgust. "Teach me how to do these things and ask me the questions afterward."

So Pop taught Ma how to run the car. And then one day, when she had run it two miles without stalling more than four times, had bumped into only one other machine; had disobeyed the traffic regulations only twice and gotten the goat of not more than ten pedestrians, Pop told her that she was well versed enough to take out her friends.

The first trip was to be a luncheon party at a fascinating inn situated on Long Island Sound. That morning when Pop left he got off a list of final warnings. But Ma, proficient and above criticism, received them indifferently.

At 11.25 Pop's desk phone rang. There was a big contract hanging fire. This most likely was a call concerning it. Pop took up the instrument eagerly.

"Hello," came over the wire in a quavering voice. "Oh, Milton, is this you?"

"Yes," said Pop. "How're you getting on, mother?"

"I'm not getting on," was the answering wail. "Oh, Milton, something's the matter! We're stuck in the mud and the car won't run, the self starter won't start and the crank won't work and the engine's so hot I can't touch it and if I did touch it I wouldn't know what to do, and I guess something must have happened to one of the rear tires, because it's all flat and everything and I don't remember at all when it happened!

"There isn't any garage. I'm telephoning from a Home for Friendless Animals and it's run by an old lady seventy years old, and her helper is a delicate woman of sixty-five, and they say we're seven miles from one town and almost eight from the other! O-o-oh, Milton!"

Two hours later Pop, in a hired car (six bones per hour), arrived in front of the sanatorium for aged animals. A desolate motoring party greeted him. Ma rushed up and threw herself on his manly chest.

"Oh, I never want to see the thing again," she whimpered. "You can run it forever and ever! It's a MAN'S work anyhow. And Milton," here she cuddled very close, "you can vote 'NO' on the second of November, if you want to!"

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

WHEN a clever girl lets fly the arrows of wit she should be careful to see that a man's vanity is not the bull's-eye.

No, Clarice, a man's love is not quite dead until he takes your photograph from the place of honor on his dressing case and uses it to cover a worn spot on the wall paper.

Speaking of "The Compleat Angler," according to a wife's experience no amateur angler seems to feel "complete" unless he has a headache next morning.

Of course, every woman looks for a moral man when she looks for a husband, but she is so apt to put on rose colored glasses when one with good shoulders, a straight nose and a curly forelock gets in her way!

It is difficult for a man to reconcile a girl's absorbing interest in picture hats, pearl powder, Paquin models and court plaster patches with real brains; but somehow his own enthusiasm for baseball and golf never seems to him incompatible with superior intelligence.

Don't fancy your husband has ceased to love you merely because he no longer seems to notice your presence around the house; wait until he gets so that he doesn't even notice your absence.

Funny, but the only time when a man seems inspired to boast about his "unselfish devotion" to his wife is when he is trying to start a flirtation with another woman.

Love is the pigment which colors the canvas of life; without it existence would be a dull old study in black and white.

Kissing seems to be the only method by which you can give away your cake of joy and keep it too.

Editorials by Women

THE CRY FOR MORE PLAYGROUNDS.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

THE Parks and Playgrounds Association reports lack of funds to carry on the children's playgrounds for the balance of the summer. This private organization has practically supported a public work, the efficiency of which is well-known. But every year there is more need for extension of work. It is one of the great problems in the congested metropolis.

Little children are forced into all sorts of alleyways, on the streets and insanitary places as an outlet for the spirit of play that is childhood's chief asset. Every year the inadequacy of our system of playgrounds is accentuated. Play for children is now universally recognized, not only as a pleasure but as an essential element for making citizens.

As long as we have dozens of children in one building and as many as 3,000 in one block proper provision for play becomes one of the important civic questions that cry for adjustment. It behooves the city government to look to this need. Various plans have been suggested. One of them is that the future building, housing many children, shall legally be equipped with a play roof or a play court in which there is air, sunlight and protection.

There are various other suggestions which deserve study for a possible solution that will not only alleviate the present distress, but provide for the future growth of the city.

The Evening World heartily endorses any move that will create more safe places for play for the children of the city.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 42—A CASE OF IDENTITY; by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

MARY SUTHERLAND was large and plain and very nearsighted. She had $500 a year which she had inherited from her father, and she made a little extra money each week by typewriting. Her mother had married a second time a travelling salesman named Windibank, much younger than herself. Mary lived with her mother and stepfather, cheerfully turning in all her income toward the family's support.

Mr. Windibank was not pleasant to live with. Not only did he take Mary's money as fast as she received it, but he objected to her forming the acquaintance of any young men. He made her live almost like a hermit and discouraged every friendship she tried to form.

And her mother was completely under his influence.

Once, during Mr. Windibank's absence on a business trip, Mary and her mother went on the sly to a tradesman's ball. There Mary met a man with whom she fell in love at sight. His name was Hosmer Angel. He had a weak and faltering voice, and eye trouble made him wear smoked glasses. He was not much of a lover, but he was the first who had ever crossed Mary's path.

He and she became engaged. She used to meet him, secretly, during her stepfather's frequent absences from London. When Windibank was in town she and Angel corresponded, but he never dared to come near her home, knowing how Mr. Windibank hated to have her receive calls.

A Mysterious Suitor.

Once, when Mr. Windibank was in France, Angel implored Mary to marry him at once, before her stepfather's return. Her mother seconded the lover's plea. And Mary gladly consented.

The next Friday they set out to the nearest church for the ceremony, Mary and her mother in one cab, Angel in another. When the cabs drew up at the church Angel was nowhere to be found. His cab was empty. He had vanished.

On the following day Mr. Windibank came back from France (having started home before Mary's letter apprising him of her marriage plans had reached him) and he found the poor girl distracted. Before the wedding day Angel had made her swear on the Bible that she would marry no one but himself. And now that he had disappeared it seemed unlikely that she could ever marry. Windibank refused to call in the police, so Mary took her story to Sherlock Holmes, the great detective.

"It seems to me," said Holmes, when he had heard the tale, "that you have been very shamefully treated. I shall look into the case for you."

"You think I shall never see him again?" she quavered.

"I fear not," said Holmes, sadly.

Then he went to work. Already he suspected. In a general way the girl's description of Hosmer Angel tallied with that of one other man. Angel's typewritten letters were compared by Holmes with a typed note from that same man, and it was found they had been written on the same machine. Also that other man was the one person on earth who could profit financially by Mary's staying single. (Hence, Angel having forced her to swear she would marry no one but himself.)

And that mysterious "other man" was Mr. Windibank, her stepfather!

Windibank, with his wife's aid, had arranged the deception. While he was supposedly absent on business, he was really courting Mary under the name and disguise of "Hosmer Angel." As Hosmer Angel he made her take oath on the Bible to marry no one else. Then, at the church door, the bogus lover had vanished forever. Windibank could now be certain that Mary would continue to live at home and give him her income as usual, and that her vow would keep her from listening to any one else who might propose to her.

A Woman's Delusion.

"If I tell her, she will not believe me," Holmes remarked to his assistant, Dr. Watson. "You may remember the old Persian saying: 'There is danger for him who taketh the tiger cub, and danger also for whosoever snatcheth a delusion from a woman.'"

Things You Should Know

Fish and Brains.

NO, absolutely no, eating fish does not "make brains," though we have all been told that fairy tale by some one. The statement seems to have for its foundation the fact that both fish and the human brain are rich in phosphorus, and some deluded ones have been quick to imply that by eating frequently of fish one can improve one's mental apparatus. It is absurd. For the very same reason one might say the same thing about potash, as the brain contains that too; but who thinks of suggesting the eating of potash?

Even if it were possible to increase the amount of phosphorus in our brains, we have really no way of knowing whether this would make us think better.

No one knows what constituents of the human brain are concerned directly in thinking. Some day we may perhaps know what particular ingredients of our diet are indispensable and helpful, if not for thinking for developing a sound brain in children, but this is not yet known. No evidence that is satisfactory has been given out to prove that the composition of the brain can be changed by the eating of a particular kind of food—providing, of course, that the blood is in normal condition and not diseased.

If we stop to think about it we will agree that good brains have for generations been grown and nourished upon a dozen different diets.

It is now known that we cannot gain or make strong muscles simply by eating meat. If that fact were really true then we might be justified in eating freely of the brains of animals. No, to be strong we know we must exercise.

That is the very key to strength, as regards muscles, and if exercise be persisted in strong muscles can be developed from many different kinds of food. This much we do know, that whatever it may be that the brain takes from the blood for its nourishment does not depend upon what particular food we eat.

What each organ takes from the blood depends solely upon the need of that organ. Our brain does not wear out by use; that is, to any appreciable degree; consequently, in the process of supplying our need for general energy we are about certain to obtain the necessary building material for each part.